

THE COURIER

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Harold Sanborn Stanley (1878-1970)

A Memoir

by Stanley Russell Howe

Editor's Note: One of the requirements for many years at Gould Academy was a "grandfather theme," which produced many student biographies of not only grandfathers, but grandmothers, aunts, uncles, etc. We have published a few of these in the past, but in an expanded and revised format. It seems that these documents may be an opportunity for many Gould graduates to discover, reflect upon, revise and make additions as needed.

Professional historians are now increasingly interested in the lives of ordinary people, who often did extraordinary things when faced with economic, physical and emotional challenges. The following memoir is offered as an example of what might be produced by others in telling some small part of a region's story by focusing on an individual who made contributions to the economic, social and/or political life of his or her town and/or community. Hopefully, others will be motivated to share their relative's/ancestor's story in future issues of The Courier.



Harold Stanley with his meat cart on Church Street,
Bethel, ca. 1910

In 1878, Rutherford B. Hayes was President of the United States. The railroad was expanding and horses provided most of the transportation locally. Science and medicine were in their infancy. The Reconstruction Era had just ended. The Bland-Allison Act providing for the demonetization of silver had just become law. Most Americans lived on farms. Civil War veterans were very numerous. And on a small Maine farm about a mile below "Bethel Hill," a first child and son was born on 1 November 1878 to Ossian Russell Stanley and his wife, the former Alma Etta Swan. They named him Harold Sanborn Stanley and some sixty-five years later I would become his grandson. The Sanborn middle name came from his mother's family; her mother was a Sanborn.

O. R. Stanley's father, Samuel Spurr Stanley, had come to Bethel from Harrison prior to 1850. The family had arrived in Maine from Massachusetts late in the 18th century. They had originally come from England to Massachusetts in the 1630s as best as can be determined. The Stanleys were alleged to be a prominent English family. The name was believed derived from "stone lea," meaning rocky meadow or

grassland, which may have some bearing on where one or more of the original members of the family lived.

Ossian Stanley was born 12 October 1852, and his wife Alma on 10 November 1851. They had grown up on farms and were married on 2 May 1877. A second son, Edward Russell, was born to the couple on 24 July 1881. The two boys, known by the family from their earliest days as "Hal" and "Ted" would enjoy a very adventurous childhood. One of their favorite activities was to lock their aged grandfather, Samuel, in the privy and listen to him curse and rage while they laughed until some compassionate soul released him from "captivity." Another antic that Gramp and his brother

were fond of engaging in happened during the log drives on the Androscoggin River in late March or April. Gramp would run into the house and tell his mother that Ted was scampering around on the logs floating down the river past the family farm. Alma Stanley would then race to the river with horse whip in hand. Finding Ted "innocently" standing on the bank, she would turn her wrath on Gramp, whereupon both boys would leap on the passing logs and remain there until their mother's anger had subsided.

On 21 June 1885, Gramp and Ted would be joined by a sister Bessie Frances. Nearly six years later on 8 December

1890, another sister, Mary Constance, was born.

In 1894, Gramp completed grammar school and in the fall of that year entered Gould's Academy (the possessive remained part of the school's name until the early 1920s). He did well there, but work piled up at home and he was forced to leave school in order to help out on the family farm.

The following year, Gramp again entered Gould's and managed to complete the year. The same was true for 1896-97. Tuition at that time was \$7 per term. It is revealing to note that the principal's salary was comprised of all tuition fees less all operating expenses. The completion of the spring term in 1897 marked the end of Gramp's formal education. For the next two years, Gramp was kept busy working around the farm, doing agricultural work in the summer and logging in the winter. In the fall of these two years, Gramp was asked by the coach at Gould's to play football. This he did eagerly and became quite skilled in the game. For the remainder of his life, Gramp always possessed a keen interest in sports of all kinds.

Continued on page 3

BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S COMMITMENT TO THE FUTURE

The Bethel Historical Society is committed to building on its reputation as a premier regional history center that will continue to enrich the educational and cultural life of its community for generations to come. Members and friends have generously contributed to the operations of the Society and to the acquisition of the Robinson House. In order to ensure the long-term maintenance and further development of the Center's facilities, programs, and collections, the Society is seeking new forms of support. You, readers of *The Courier*, are asked to consider making a charitable gift to the Society through a bequest in your will, the establishment of a trust, or a number of other financial arrangements and options that are available. These charitable gifts can be structured to support the Society's mission while at the same time assuring the security of your family. For more information, please contact the Society by calling (207) 824-2908 or (800) 824-2910 or by writing to P.O. Box 12, Bethel, ME 04217-0012 or by emailing: info@bethelhistorical.org

ANNUAL FUND

Help keep the Society strong by making a gift to its Annual Fund Campaign. Tax deductible contributions help support its exhibits, special events, publications, and other programming. Gifts in any amount may be made throughout the year to the Society at P.O. Box 12, Bethel, ME 04217-0012.

New Life Member

Janice Lord Mott, Cary, NC

In Memoriam

- Died, 16 May 2008, Rudolph Honkala, Bethel, Life/Honorary Member
Died, 16 June 2008, J. Richard Littlefield, Bethel, Sustaining Member
Died, 17 July 2008, John A. Bremer, Shelbyville, IN, Life Member
Died, 8 August 2008, Eleanor L. Wilson, Bedford, MA, Life Member
Died, 24 August 2008, Richard M. Ford, Concord, MA, Sustaining Member
Died, 31 August 2008, Sylvia Wight, Newry, Life/Honorary Member
Died, 1 September 2008, E. Marna McGinnis, Bethel, Honorary Member
Died, 5 September 2008, Arlene B. Lyon, Gray, Senior Member

President's Column

In reflecting upon this past summer, I believe that it has been a very active and important one from several perspectives.

For me, the two program highlights this season were the 4th of July Community Picnic, featuring the Portland Brass Quintet and the W. S. Ripley Band Festival, which involved five bands playing 19th century music. Both of these events were open to the public and made possible by many faithful Society sponsors.

Phase II of the Governance Assessment effort, which started in the fall of 2006, was completed with surveyor Barbara Milligan's visit early in July. After visiting us for three days, she completed her report, which offered a number of recommendations on how we might improve our governance. Now in the Phase III of this American Association of Museums-sponsored program, the Board of Trustees is currently reviewing her report and considering many of her recommendations. Perhaps the most far-reaching recommendation of her report is to develop a new strategic plan that will help the Society to move ahead on a number of fronts. More details about the Board's strategic planning may be announced later this year or in early 2009.

In my last column, I reported that we were in the process of hiring a Development Director. I am pleased to announce that James Dock, a University of Maine at Farmington history major graduate, has been hired to fill that position. He will be responsible for a broad range of charitable giving programs at the Society. Welcome aboard, Jim!

As I complete my third, and last year as Society president and chairman of the Board of Trustees, I would like to acknowledge the fine support that I have received from my fellow members of the Board. The past three years have been personally rewarding ones for me since I believe that we have collectively laid some important ground work for the future. I wish much success to my successor who is certain to bring new energy and ideas to the Society.

Allen Cressy

SOCIETY OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Allen Cressy, President; Susan Herlihy, Vice President; William Andrews, Secretary and Clerk of the Trustees; Walter Hatch, Treasurer; Trustees: Bruce Pierce, Arlan Jodrey, Sylvia Clanton, Kathy Kunkle, Tineke Ouwinga, Kent Taylor, and Dennis Wilson

(Harold Sanborn Stanley, continued from page 1)

In the summer of 1899, Gramp decided to leave the family farm for one in Harvard, MA, where he had employment as a farm hand on a prosperous six hundred acre farm. His duties included plowing, seeding, haying and caring for the horses. Occasionally, Gramp was asked to drive one of the numerous guests who visited the farm to the railroad station. On one such occasion, Gramp recalled with a gleam in his eye, he was asked to drive a businessman to the station before two p.m. that afternoon. It was already twelve thirty p.m. when they left and the ride took about two hours. Knowing he had to make the maximum use of this limited time window, Gramp flicked the reins and they were off. He had been instructed by his boss to always go slowly, never more than a trot, but with the time constraints clearly in mind, he stirred to horses to a fast gallop. As a result, they made it to the station none too soon and the businessman caught his train. On the way back to the farm, Gramp allowed the horses to move at their leisure. Everything went off all right and Gramp's boss never found out that he had galloped the horses. Gramp spent two summers here, lumbering in the winter.

Breaking with his agricultural and logging pursuits in the summer of 1901, Gramp ventured to the city for another of life's adventures. He was hired as Conductor # 9134 on one of the trolley cars that were formerly common in Boston. Here he met a great many people and apparently formed some close friendships, including one with Norah O'Brien, who being Irish and Catholic, probably would not have met with approval with his Maine family had he decided on marriage. This period of excitement lasted approximately one year. His employment as a conductor was abruptly terminated when he was fired for no apparent reason or for reasons that he did not care to share many years later. Nevertheless, Gramp got free rides anywhere he wanted to go on the trolley line by simply wearing his conductor hat and uniform.

Returning to Maine in the fall of 1902, he again resumed farming. During that winter, he worked in lumbering camps in New Hampshire, Carthage, Andover, and Bethel. While he was in Carthage, Gramp was cookee (a cook's assistant) when the cook disappeared for a short time. Gramp was faced with the problem of feeding the hungry men with little assistance. But he came through this challenge admirably. The men liked his cooking and told him that he made better biscuits than the missing cook.

In the realm of romance back in Maine, Gramp was never a lady's man, being shy and reticent in the presence of young ladies. When one young female came down to visit him, he, though polite, remained at a distance and didn't have the courage to walk her home.

It was in the summer of 1906 that Gramp began to learn a trade. He obtained a job in a grocery store in Gorham, NH. Here he became skilled in the art of meat cutting. The hours were long, 5:30 a.m. to 10 p.m., but Gramp enjoyed the work. He had finally found his "calling" in one sense, since he spent much of his later life, first operating a meat cart as we shall see, followed by many more years of managing "a butcher shop" down beyond the barn on the family farm. As a child I often watched him cut up various carcasses. Many of the adults around me frequently commented on his "grease lightning" meat cutting skills.

During that summer in Gorham, NH, he would come to Bethel on week-ends to court a certain young lady seven years his junior. That lady was Mary Bessie McKenny, who arrived in Bethel in 1903 and was employed as a clerk in her aunt's millinery store. Miss McKenny, born 19 November 1885 in Stratford, NH, was the daughter of a Civil War veteran, Grand Army of the Republic member, and highly respected citizen in his community. They had met at a harvest supper sponsored by the Methodist Church and held in Odeon Hall on 3 October 1905. The romance had begun

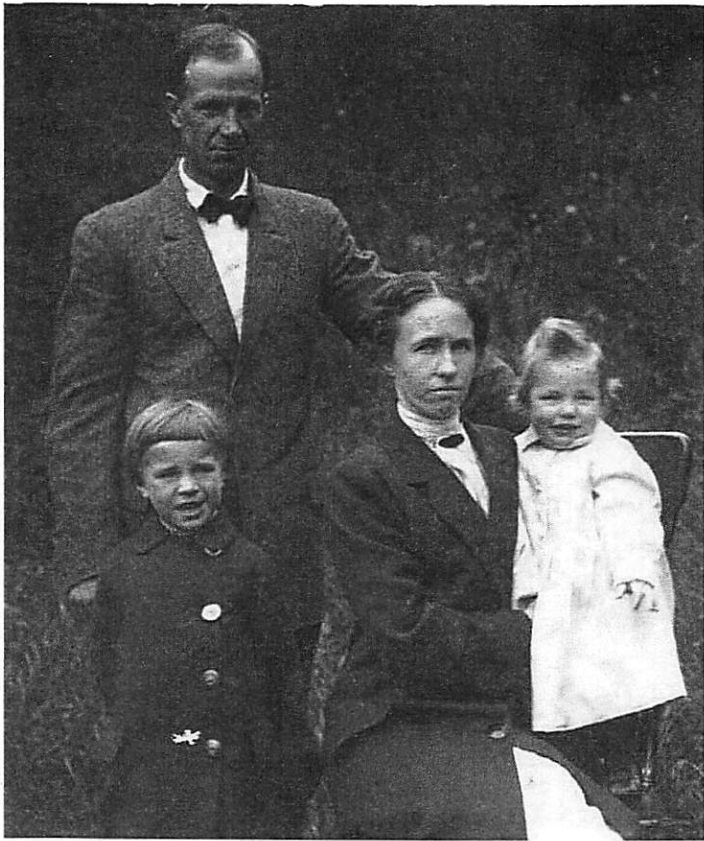


Harold Stanley in his Conductor's uniform, 1901

slowly, but then in the summer of 1906, it flowered to full bloom. The great day arrived on 5 September 1906, when Gramp married the woman who would become my beloved grandmother in a simple ceremony at the home of the bride's father in North Stratford, NH. For a brief period, Gramp and Gram lived on Mechanic Street, Gorham, NH, where Gramp continued to work in the grocery store.

Late that fall, Gramp bought out Milton Penley's meat cutting business for \$500. He and Gram then moved to the Stanley ancestral home in Bethel. This farm possesses quite a history, beginning with Benjamin Russell, a soldier of the American Revolution, who became the first town clerk of Bethel when the town incorporated in 1796. It was Benjamin's great granddaughter who married Samuel Stanley, mentioned earlier. The first house was built near the river, but a catastrophic flood in 1785 destroyed this structure and a new house and barn were moved to higher ground. Evidently this new location did not suit the family since they later moved to more level ground. Later they built an addition to make the house large enough for two families. Gramp and Gram occupied the old end of the house while Gramp's parents lived in the new end built in the 1850s according to Eva Bean's *East Bethel Road*.

After buying out Penley's meat business, Gramp undertook a meat cart operation, which met with immediate success. The late Pearl Ashy Tibbetts once told me what excellent meat Gramp offered his customers. She also told me that Gramp became a friend of William Bingham II undoubtedly through contact with him as he traveled the streets of Bethel delivering meat to his customers. (This was during the period when "Will" Bingham had a social life since after about 1922 when a Boston newspaper announced that the wealthiest man in Maine lived in Bethel caused him to retreat to a life where he became a virtual recluse for the rest of his days.) It is interesting to examine Gramp's account books to see what little meat cost in 1906 as compared to today. Along with his meat cart business, Gramp worked hard on the farm. His dedication to hard work became one of his



Harold Stanley (left) with his son Edward Kenneth in front and his wife Bessie holding Frederick, ca. 1914

cardinal virtues. In the summer, he delivered meat to a large number of customers on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays while in the winter only twice a week.

Two or three years after his marriage, Gramp and his neighbor, Herman Mason, maintained a booth at the fairs in Lewiston, Andover, Bethel, Norway, Canton and Livermore Falls, ME and Gorham, NH. Here they offered the Philadelphia paddle game and later they opened a shooting gallery. They continued this profitable venture for the next eight or ten years. Gramp was considered one of the best barkers in the region. During the last year they were involved in working at these fairs, for some inexplicable reason, Gramp was unable to speak, so they were forced to abandon what had been an enjoyable and lucrative enterprise.

During this time, Gramp and Gram were blessed with the birth of several children. Their first child, a son was on 15 August 1907 and named Edward Kenneth. The next child, Kermit Leroy, born 23 May 1909, lived until 4 December 1910 after contracting pneumonia, which was complicated by whooping cough. His death was a great blow to both parents. Kermit was followed by Frederick Harold, born 26 February 1912.

With the outbreak of World War I in 1914, Gramp was required to sign up for possible military service. He was not called and later that year another son, Donald Russell was born on 22 November 1914.

In 1918, Gramp gave up the meat cart business but retained his butcher shop operations and continued to farm. That winter he worked in a logging camp in Errol, NH.

On 13 March 1920, the Stanleys were blessed with the birth of a daughter, whom they named Geraldine Alma. One can only imagine that after four boys (one of whom died very young), the couple's joy at the arrival of a girl. That daughter became my mother in the 1940s.

From this period on, Gramp divided his time between butchering and farming. He owned a dozen or so cattle from which he obtained cream from their milk to make butter,

which he marketed weekly. Gramp also had several flocks of hens and sold eggs. Another source of income was from the large gardens he cultivated. He sold a great many vegetables to retailers and private customers.

In 1926, his eldest child, Kenneth, graduated from Gould Academy, salutatorian of his class. His parents were very proud of his achievement and that fall, he entered the University of Maine.

The following year, Gramp's mother, Alma Etta Swan Stanley died. Prior to her marriage, she had worked in a Lewiston textile mill, which according to some surviving letters was quite an unsettling experience for a Yankee farm girl.

By the 1930s, the United States began to experience the Great Depression. Times were tough for many Americans and the Stanleys were no exception. Nevertheless, Gramp managed to provide enough to get his family through these very difficult days. One of the high points of this decade, however, was the arrival of their first grandchild, a girl, Lorraine, born in 1935.

Eight years later, in 1943, Gramp's father, Ossian died at the age of ninety. Although Ossian had not been very active toward the end of his life, Gramp was now left to run the farm alone.

The years were beginning to tell on Gramp. His face was developing wrinkles and the top of his head was bald. His stooped appearance was becoming increasingly acute, but he managed to maintain his usual strenuous pace.

In 1948 when he was seventy, Gramp was afflicted with cancer of the lip. Radium treatments cured him.

When Gramp was in his mid-seventies, he developed pneumonia and was seriously ill. After this illness, he was forced to slow his pace a bit, but he still worked hard. He continued doing most of the haying, cared for his hens, cows and horses, raised field crops, and managed with some assistance to cut the winter's wood in the fall.

Predictably, having been in the meat business for over fifty years, Gramp experienced some interesting and often exciting events. At one time, he was hired to eliminate a herd of wild cows, which were threatening the safety of the community. On another occasion, Gramp lost control of a wild bull he was about to slaughter. This caused him quite a bit of anxiety, but he managed to subdue the animal before it did any harm to anyone.

One summer in the late 1950s, Gramp was working in his vegetable garden, which bordered a grove of trees and a thicket. Suddenly, Gramp heard an electrifying squeal and a mournful growl coming from the bushes. He ran toward the source of the noise, not knowing what to expect. When he parted the vegetation, he witnessed a horrifying scene. A large brown bear was killing a pig. Gramp ran to the house for his gun, but when he arrived at the scene, the bear had vanished and what had been the pig was a mangled mess.

In 1954, Gramp and Gram received the news of the arrival of their first great grandchild, Ralph. Two years later, on 5 September 1956, Gramp and his wife were feted on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary with an open house given by their children. Many friends, neighbors and relatives of the couple were in attendance.

On his eightieth birthday in 1958, Gramp was given a surprise party by a group of his friends. The passage of time was certainly clear on this occasion as most of his male friends had passed from the scene, including his closest associate, William C. Bryant, who died in 1950. Herman Mason (1874-1961), his former neighbor and fair business partner, was the only man there among a number of widows of men who had been lifelong friends. Gramp was not a "joiner," so it was thoroughly understandable that he would have an ever-increasing narrowing circle of friends as he passed from his eighties into the nineties. In line with his reluctance to join organizations, it is indeed not surprising even as a lifelong farmer that he never joined Bethel Grange

56, where his old friend Herman Mason once served as Master.

On 5 September 1961, Gramp and Gram quietly observed their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary with just a small circle of relatives and friends in attendance.

By this time, Gramp had pretty much retired. He still had his hens and sold eggs, but increasingly required help in cutting wood and hay. He no longer had any cattle or horses, but continued to raise a pig or two.

Gramp was considered somewhat of a character. From his earliest years to the end of his days, he always had an exaggerated fear of fire. This fear became such an obsession with him that he was usually reluctant to leave home. If he did go anywhere, he was usually very anxious to return home as soon as possible. Often he said of others who met misfortune on some trip, "If they had stayed at home where they belonged, it would never have happened."

Gramp was a quick tempered, impatient sort of individual prone to colorful profanity, but he was also kind and generous. He consistently strived to be known as "honest" and was proud of his work ethic. He was also a nervous and easily excitable person. A good example of the latter was the joke my mother played on him for several April Fools' Days. She would come racing into the house and tell Gramp that the cows were out. Whereupon Gramp would zoom outdoors in a highly frenzied state while rushing to the barn shouting, "Where'd they get out?" repeatedly. When he realized all was well, Gramp would return to the house with a slightly sheepish look on his face. My mother's "trick" always seemed to work.

Gramp was not a religious man in the conventional sense. He never belonged to a church nor went to any one on a regular basis. His strong emphasis on honesty as a lifelong iron-clad standard, however, brings to mind the old adage, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Gramp certainly embodied that ideal to the fullest.

As he aged, Gramp seemed to mellow. He could be plenty fierce when I was young and I was sometimes afraid of him as a child. During his last years, however, he took great interest in cats, which became loyal companions to him. In fact, we often wondered how he survived sleeping in his unheated upstairs chamber room if it had not been for the half dozen or so felines that curled up with him each night.

Another sign of his mellowing was that he began to feel real remorse for all the animals he had slaughtered over his long career in the meat business. It was as if all those lost animal "souls" were crying out to him as he told me once how sorry he was that he had to do so much killing and did not think he could do it again if he had to repeat his life.

Gramp was deeply interested in politics throughout his long life and voted straight Republican for nearly seventy years. My father's family were ardent Democrats and it was after the 1954 gubernatorial election when Edmund Muskie defeated Republican Governor Burton Cross that Gramp informed my father, "It wasn't you Democrats who elected Muskie, it was those damn traitorous Republicans."

On one more occasion, the family observed Gramp and Gram's wedding anniversary. This time it was 1966 and it marked the sixtieth anniversary. It was a low-key affair and would be the last of these observances as Gramp would die on 24 October 1970, just one week short of his ninety-second birthday. Gram lived nearly another year, dying on 15 October 1971, a little over one month before her 86th birthday.

They were buried beside each other in the family cemetery on the hillside above the house. I was in Canada when Gramp died and only read of his death in a letter from home received a week or so later. The next spring, I worked with my mother to come up with some kind of epitaph that would "fit" Gramp. I suggested three words: "Honest, Industrious, Independent," which my mother thought appropriate. After more than thirty five years of reflection, they still seem "right." ■

WESTERN MAINE SAINTS The York and Carter Families in Utah

by Carole York

On 2 October 1846, Aaron York, from Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, wrote to Brigham Young at Council Bluffs, Iowa, "Sickness rather abating in this place but there are a great many sick now [and] there were two died last night." The lengthy and detailed letter, signed by his own hand, sought Young's advice on the care of the Hallett orphans. Aaron continued, "Pres't Brigham Young, by request of Sister Phebe Hallett I now write a few lines to you which I should have done before but on account of my health I have omitted until the present morning, after the death of Brother Clark Hallett . . . and Sister Phebe was brought to my house for to be made comfortable . . . where she remained until her death. I, on the afternoon before she died being out of the house she sent for me to come in I did so and she said . . . she had given up all hope of getting well and must die. I asked if she was not willing to Die she said yes but should like to live on account of the children . . . she said she wanted the children all kept together." Aaron told Phebe that he would do the best he could for the children. He also consulted with Brother C. C. Rich, who advised him to continue to care for the children, "which are at my house which are and have been sick but we are getting better."

President Young responded on the 15th of October: ". . . Let a committee of three appointed by the council to appraise every article of property belonging to the heirs and see that it is properly [proved] & kept only such as is necessary for their support. Let this committee be C. C. Rich, Aaron M. York with one of the councils nomination and let Pres. York take charge of the children till further instructions." Ermina Hallett Casto Carney, a daughter of Thatcher Hallett, later wrote, "Pa Hallett was born January [17th] 1837 in Missouri. His folks had come from Cape Cod, Massachusetts. . . . After their death old Grandma [Hannah Carter York] and Grandpa [Aaron York] . . . took care of the three Hallett children, father, Aunt May [Mary Hallett] and Uncle Hyrum but did not adopt them. However, we called her Grandma York and she came often and stayed for long visits. Grandpa York had died earlier."

Mt. Pisgah and Garden Grove, Utah, were temporary settlements that were established as way-stations between Sugar Creek, Iowa, and Council Bluffs (Kanesville), Iowa, where the Mormon emigrants could rest and outfit themselves for the arduous journey ahead. Sugar Creek was the staging area for the Saints who fled Nauvoo in February, 1846; Council Bluffs was the point of departure for the Mormon emigration to the Salt Lake Basin. Apostle Parley Pratt wrote about the founding of Garden Grove: "All things being harmonized and put in order, the camps moved on. Arriving at a place on a branch of the Grand River we encamped for a while having traveled much in the midst of great and continuing rains, mud and mire. . . . Here we enclosed and planted a public farm of many hundred acres and commenced settlement, for the good of some who were to tarry and of those who should follow us from Nauvoo. We called the place 'Garden Grove.'"

One month later, in May, 1846, Parley Pratt led an exploratory party west and came to a place that Pratt named Mt. Pisgah after the biblical Mt. Pisgah (Deuteronomy 3:27), where Moses viewed the Promised Land. Despite the valiant efforts of the emigrants to set up safe havens along the trail,

living conditions were crude; many were sick and some died. This was a transient community comprised mostly of those who were traveling through to Utah. Therefore, it is impossible to state with any certainty the number who died there. The York family left Mt. Pisgah and arrived in Salt Lake City in 1850.

Previous articles in this series have described the conversion to Mormonism and emigration of the Carter and York families from Bethel/Newry to the Great Salt Lake Basin. This essay will focus on the contributions of the two conjoined families in settling Salt Lake City after its founding in 1847, and Provo, Utah, in 1849; encounters with the Native Americans; colonization of Mormon settlements outside of Salt Lake City; Mormon missions; and the nationwide controversy over the LDS practice of plural marriage.

*Aaron and Hannah Carter York,
Mary Trueworthy Carter York, and Asa Bartlett York*

Mormon historian Wallace Stegner has written, "Attics and archives are crammed with its records, for in addition to church journals authorized by a history conscious church, it seems that every second Mormon kept a diary, and every Mormon family that has such a diary, cherishes it as part of the lares and penates [treasured household possessions]. Great-granddaughters edit the jottings of their pioneer ancestors as piously as they go to temple to be baptized for the dead, and if grandfather was too preoccupied to keep notes, his recollective yarns will be gathered up and published as reminiscences, with a genealogical chart to show all the branches and twigs that have sprung from the pioneer root."

One such reminiscence was written by Almira T. (Tiffany) Bethers, a daughter of George Mason and Sarah Jane York Tiffany, and granddaughter of Aaron and Hannah Carter York. After arriving in Utah in the fall of 1850, the Aaron and Hannah Carter York family lived in the First Ward of Salt Lake City. (A "ward" is the local ecclesiastical unit of the church, similar to a Protestant congregation or Roman Catholic parish.) "Aaron and his wife Hannah were very industrious people as well as educated, he a music teacher and Hannah a school teacher and both were very beautiful singers. They always had as good a home as was available wherever they lived. Their first home in Salt Lake was made of poles and skins of other animals." Upon arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, Aaron, his son, Asa Bartlett York, and Dominicus Carter and his son, Sidney Carter, established a blacksmith shop. "Aaron and Hannah were very hard working people and so good to the poor and to the orphans, in fact they raised several children who were left orphans, also my mother Sadie [Sarah Jane York Tiffany] after her mother and three brothers died."

In 1852, Aaron and Asa and their families moved to Provo and subsequently to Santaquin, Utah, approximately thirty miles south of Provo. Richard, a son and youngest child of Aaron and his plural wife Mary Trueworthy Carter York, later wrote, "After helping to settle Santaquin my father went out south about three miles and settled a place that bears his name, York. He was a very good blacksmith and wheelright, helping to make the first plow made in Santaquin and Utah." Almira T. Bethers wrote, "Perry Green (Perrigrine) Sessions bought the first plows they made to break sod in Sessions Settlement [probably Bountiful, Utah]."

On 18 March 1856, in Provo, Aaron married Mary Trueworthy Carter in a plural marriage. Born on 23

September 1841, Mary was fifteen years old, while Aaron was forty-nine. Mary was the daughter of Richard and Hannah Parker Carter. Hannah was born in 1823, perhaps in England. Richard, born in Newry, Maine, on 8 August 1820, was a brother of Hannah Carter York, and thus Mary was Hannah's niece. A son, Samuel Parker Carter, was born to Richard and Hannah in 1843, in Lima, Illinois. After the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo in 1846, and while living at Council Bluffs (Kanesville), Iowa, Richard volunteered to serve in the Mormon Battalion. (The Mormon Battalion was recruited to fight the Mexican War, and on 21 July 1846, an estimated five-hundred men left Council Bluffs to fight on the side of the United States.) While serving in the Mormon Battalion, Richard died of illness on 28 November 1846; he is buried near Santa Fe, New Mexico. His widow, Hannah Parker, bore the couple's last child, Franklin Fitzfield Carter, on 4 February 1847. She died of smallpox on 12 April 1848. Carter family members brought Richard and Hannah's children—Mary, Sam and Franklin—with them to Utah; very possibly Mary traveled with Aaron and Hannah.

Between 1857 and 1862, Church leaders sent approximately five-hundred families to colonize "Utah's Dixie," in southern Utah. This was known as the Southern Utah Mission or Cotton Mission. After the outbreak of the Civil War, cotton from the Confederacy was not available in Utah. Leonard Arrington, in *Great Basin Kingdom: An Economic History of the Latter-day Saints, 1830-1900*, has described this period of colonization during the 1860s: "Self-sufficiency for the Saints was the ultimate goal. . . . [the settlers] represented a variety of occupations and were instructed to go in an organized group and 'cheerfully contribute their efforts to supply the Territory with cotton, sugar, grapes, tobacco, figs, almonds, olive oil, and such other useful items as the Lord has given us, the places for garden spots in the south to produce.' Brigham Young specifically desired them to produce the territorial supply of tobacco so as to eliminate 'paying to outsiders from sixty to eighty thousand dollars annually for that one article'—and also wine for the Holy Sacrament, for medicine and for sale to 'outsiders.'"

Not all the ambitious plans formulated in Salt Lake came to fruition. In 1865, after the end of the Civil War and the coming of the railroad, the Utah cotton industry floundered, and by 1910 it no longer existed. Likewise, growing tobacco was not a successful endeavor, at least in part, because of the LDS prohibition against using it. Grapes became an important crop, but like tobacco, did not succeed because of the Mormon dictate against drinking alcohol. On 10 April 1876, Levi Mathers Savage, a school teacher, wrote in his diary, "A great deal of wine is manufactured here, and I am grieved to see some elders abuse this blessing, by becoming dissipated with the beverage. Some of the youth in Zion are following diligently in the example of thoughtless and foolish fathers. . . ."

The production of grain-sorghum molasses which was used locally and exported to Nevada, Idaho and Montana was successful. Mining was another successful venture. The Church also established an improvement program intended to construct canals in order to make maximum use of available water sources. Mormons became well known for their skills in developing irrigation works and were among the first Euro-Americans to irrigate lands in Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, and Alberta, Canada. Irrigation opened large areas to settlement



Aaron York gravestone in Santaquin Cemetary, Santaquin, Utah. Courtesy of Gary and Marcia Braithwaite

in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho and northern Mexico.

Aaron and Mary Trueworthy Carter and their daughter, Mary Angelia, born 10 September 1860, in Provo, joined the mission to Dixie in 1862, settling in Grafton, Washington County—now a ghost town near Zion National Park. Aaron and his family returned to Central Utah in 1867, and Aaron bought property in Juab County. Sometime later, Aaron and his family moved to Santaquin, where, on 13 November 1881, Aaron died leaving Mary with eight children, ages three to twenty-one. In 1886, Mary married George B. Higginson in the Logan Temple. Not much is known about Mr. Higginson from family records, and the 1890 census that might have provided information is incomplete as the result of a fire at the Commerce Department in 1921. The 1900 census indicates that Mary C. Higginson was living in Santaquin, age 58 and widowed. Richard York wrote this about his mother: “After raising eight children my mother became an efficient midwife for Santaquin, York, and Warm Creek. She was also an expert in making medicines from the herbs she gathered in fields and lots. She made a liniment called York’s liniment and one called Old Bob of which she gave freely, always helping the sick and giving of her time and talents.” Mary died in Santaquin on 1 August 1932, at the age of ninety-one.

Asa Bartlett York, the oldest child of Aaron and Hannah Carter York, was born 23 September 1832, in “Reedsville” (Readfield?), Maine. On 28 September 1853, he married Mary Jane Bethers who was born on 28 February 1835, in Quincy, Illinois. The couple had four children who were born in Provo: John William, born in 1855; Sarah Jane (who later married George Tiffany) in 1859; James Jasper, in 1860, and Asa Uriah, in 1862. Asa’s story illustrates the hardships and heartbreak that the earliest Mormon settlers who journeyed to Utah experienced.

Almira T. Bethers, a daughter of George and Sarah Jane York Tiffany, wrote about the family’s mission to Dixie. When Asa’s family, along with Aaron’s, was called to Dixie, they settled in Rockville, near Grafton, Utah. Asa’s wife had consumption and because of her illness Asa was hesitant to go on the mission. However, she insisted, saying, “Asa you have been called to fill this mission. Go and I will go with you. What difference does it make where I die?” In Rockville, Asa built a dugout for his wife and children. Mary Jane grew steadily worse, and after a dam broke, flooding the dugout, Aaron told Asa to come and stay with his family in Grafton. Asa “. . . had to wade in knee deep [water] to get all

their possessions out and dry them. Asa loaded their belongings, his wife and family on his wagon and went to Grafton to live with his father and wife, Mary Trueworthy Carter York. Aaron and Mary gave their bed to Asa and his wife Mary Jane, and they set a wagon box just outside by the front door and made their bed in it, and they slept in one end of the box and their children [Mary, 3 and William, 1] in the other end, and Asa’s children slept on the slate floor.” One morning after the men had gone to work, Mary Carter York, who by herself was caring for Mary Jane, became alarmed as Asa’s wife slipped away. Mary Jane was reassuring, saying, “‘Mary don’t be afraid, my brother Jabeys has come for me and I am going,’ He had been dead many years. . . . Mary [Carter York] sit [*sic*] her baby on the floor and ran for sister Woodbury, she came and turned her over but she was dead. These were very sad and trying times those days.” Asa was left with four children, and with them he moved to Provo to be near his mother.

In 1864, Asa married Ellen Arelia Williams, born in Whittinsville, Maine, on 16 June 1849. He, along with Ellen and his four children, returned to Grafton. Subsequently, Asa and Ellen had three sons of their own, all of whom lived to adulthood. However, tragedy struck again in January 1866, when his three sons, children of Asa and Mary Jane Bethers York, became ill and died. Their sister, Sarah Jane, age seven, went to Provo, where his mother took Sarah under her wings. Then, on 30 January 1870, Asa’s second wife Ellen died suddenly and without warning. Asa had lost Mary Jane and their three sons, with only daughter Sarah Jane surviving, and now he was left with his and Ellen’s sons, ages five, four and two. Asa once again moved back to Provo, where in 1873 he married Emma Smith Haws.

Emma was born 6 August 1843 in Wayne County, Illinois, the eleventh child of Gilberth (1801-1877) and Hannah Whitcomb Haws (1806-1880), prominent early settlers of Provo. In 1858, Emma married Lyman White Carter, a son of William Furlsbury and Sarah York Carter, and they had six children. Lyman died on 16 February 1873, after he was injured in an explosion at the gold and silver mines in Eureka, southwest of Santaquin. After Lyman died, Emma married Asa, and the couple lived in the Carterville section of Provo. The couple had four children, two of whom died young. Emma Haws Carter York died on 9 August 1917, and Asa died 12 March 1920, both in Provo.

*William Furlsbury and Sarah York Carter,
Dominicus Carter, John “H” Carter,
and Eliza Ann Carter*

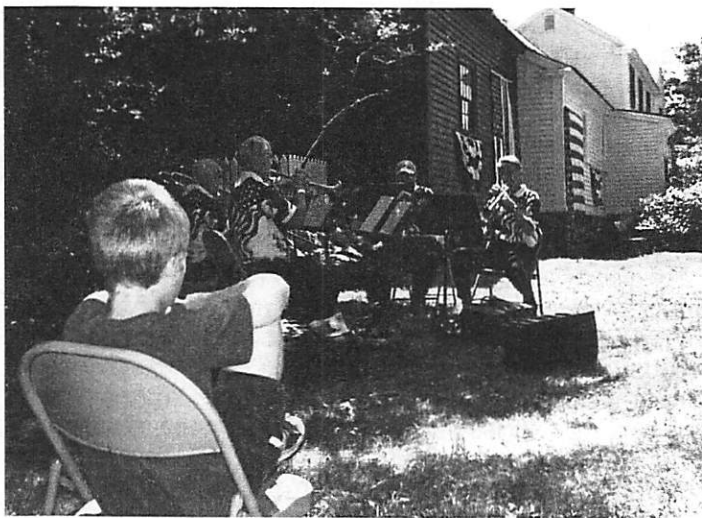
By now it should be obvious that the Carter and York families were intertwined in a tangle of twigs and branches. They also stayed connected through their occupations. On 14 September 1855, the *Deseret News* noted that “. . . Messrs. A. M. York and Wm. F. Carter are erecting a grist mill especially for the grinding of corn.” On 24 October 1855, the *Deseret News* included the following notice: “Mssrs. Wm. F. Carter and Aaron M. York have their corn mill in successful operation, and judging from the splendid samples of New Hampshire bread and hasty pudding (mush) which I encountered on my table, I must give them the credit of doing ample justice to their customers.”

(to be continued)

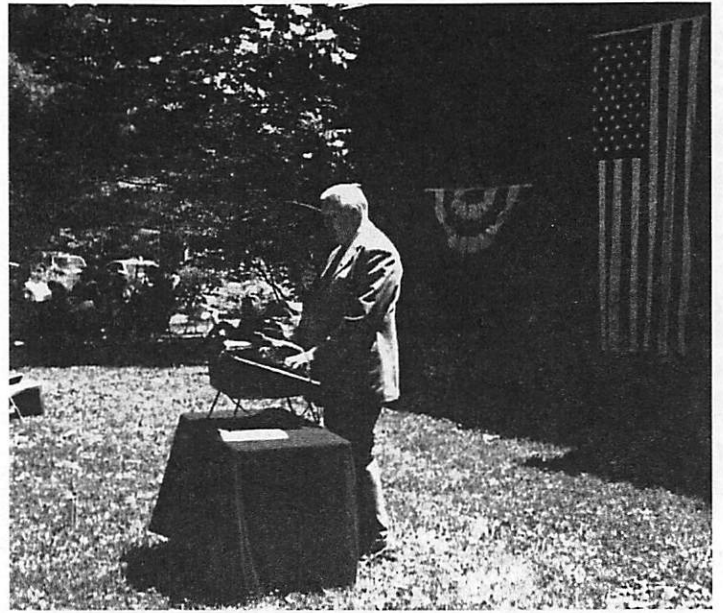
Photo Gallery



Society Vice President Susan Herlihy joins State Master James Owens, and State Gatekeeper Terry Spencer and his wife Harriet at the opening ceremonies of the "The Grange in Maine" exhibit on July 1.



A young visitor takes in the 2008 July 4th Society Community Picnic concert by the Portland Brass Quintet.



Errol Briggs of Barre, Vermont and Harrison, Maine, a U.S. Army Vietnam War veteran and descendant of two early Bethel families (Mills and Mason), addresses the audience assembled for the 2008 Fourth of July Community Picnic on the grounds of the Dr. Moses Mason House.



Four performers hold and later played nineteenth century cornets at the W. S. Ripley Band Festival, July 26 on the grounds of the Dr. Moses Mason House.

Diary of Edgar Harvey Powers

(continued from the last issue)

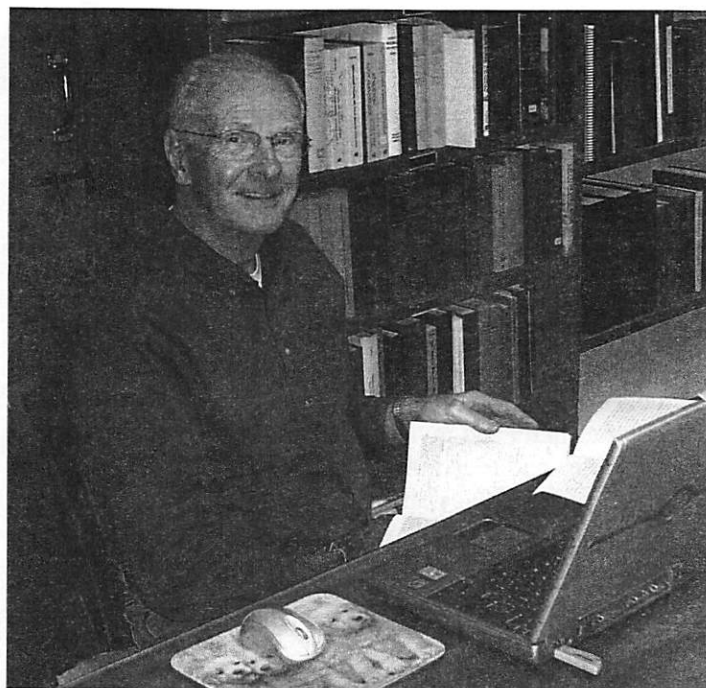


April 1—Syruped down today. Edwin come [*sic*] down this morning and we emptied the buckets. Sprague come [*sic*] up into the sugar woods. I come [*sic*] up with Ned and am going to stay all night. Leroy Morgan [probably Laprelet D. Morgan, who died 18 April 1864] is sick again with Diphtheria [*sic*]. They do not expect him to live. It rains to night. Is very muddy. April 2—Come [*sic*] home this mornng. Overtook an old man, 82 years old, by the name of Ephraim Frost, down to Ball B. Willis [*sic*]. Remembering the golden rule, I took his pack and brought it down as far as here, and invited him to rest. I gave him some maple molasses and bread, for which he seemed so grateful. He then said he would be going, but as it rained, I invited him to stop all night, which he finally accepted. His is a fine old gentleman. Sugared off 64 lbs. of sugar today. Went down to the Post Office to night, but did not stop for the mail. April 3—Willard Jewetts [*sic*] boy (Albion K.) died this morning at one o'clock. Wrote to Lauriston and Mary E. Lampher. Went up to Newry with Lucien L. Foster [son of Reuben]. We called to Charles, Lawson Smiths [*sic*], and then to come down to Edwins [*sic*] and took supper. Had a very good time there. Then we come [*sic*] down to [Hervey S.] Hastings, and he got feeling round Nancy Wilson, and I could not get him started home. He staid till about four o'clock in the morning. I went up to Neds [*sic*] and staid all night. I shall not ride with the miserable fellow again. Mr. White preached his farewell sermon up here to day. April 4—Ned and I come [*sic*] down this morning. We gathered about fifty pail fulls of sap, with the oxen. Ned boiled today, and I went to hauling fencing poles. Hauled two loads. Mr. White took dinner here today. Mother gave him a quart of maple molasses. Mr. Jewetts [*sic*] boy was buried today. Mr. White preached the funeral sermon. I went up at dark and boiled till twelve. He went down to James this evening. April 5—Edwin boiled sap today and I hauled three loads of fencing poles. Ball [B. Willis] come [*sic*] into the sugar woods, then come [*sic*] down to the house. Julia Foster and Amanda [Foster, wife of Edwin Hoyt] was here. Ball acted real silly. He staid about two hours. I carried Amade's baby down to Fosters [*sic*]. Called to James when I came back. Took Genie and Phylanthas to put in a mark. Ned come [*sic*] in there before I come [*sic*] home, and he come [*sic*] up with me. The Deacon told me a story about cheese. April 6—Ned boiled sap this forenoon. He went home this afternoon. I hauled two loads of fencing poles. I knit the initials of my name in Genie and Phylanthas stockings. Carried them down tonight. Rode down to the Post Office with James. He took the "Old Whirlwind." We rode pretty fast some of the way. Went over with Phylantha from James. Gardner boils sap tonight. Almeron is with him. It has been quite warm today. April 7—Went into the woods and got one load of poles. Went down to see if Holt had got the seat of my gig done. He had not. Rec'd a letter from John S. Powers, stating that Unckle [*sic*] [Joseph] Stillman [Powers] was dead. He died last Saturday night at 20 minutes past eleven with small pox. Alas: his little girl, Emma. Shingled Emma Roberts [*sic*] hair.

Gene let me take Lackenbox Rhetoric. Harnessed Hoosae and drove him up to Balls. It has been quite warm today. Gathered 34 pails full of sap. April 8—I sugared off 75 lbs. of maple sugar. Olive S. Willis [daughter of Ball B.] gave us a call this morning. Gathered eighty pail fulls of sap. Wrote to John S. Powers. Have been comparing Boyds, with Lackenbos Rhetoric. I prefer Lackenbos. It has been a very pleasant today. Called into Mr. Straws [*sic*] and spent the evening. Enjoyed myself very much. Mrs. Straw played and sang most of the evening. When I got home I found Mother quite sick. April 9—Mother was quite sick this morning, with a sore throat. I went down to George E. Smiths [*sic*] and got a bottle of Dr. Watsons [*sic*] medicine for diphtheria [*sic*]. She took some it and tonight she is better. I went up and got Theresa. She is going to stay till tomorrow night. I had Mrs. Williams [*sic*] horse. I took the wheels down to get Finney [William Phinney at Rumford Point] to put on some springs. April 10—Mother was some better this morning. I carried Theresa up to Newry tonight. Left my boots to Charles to tap, and wore his home. Theresa & I went down and got Genie to come up and stay till she comes down again. Genie said it was the first wagon ride she had had this year. I gave her her first wagon ride last year, and two years ago. April 11—Got up and found that we were having a snow storm. Set up the tubs to make soap. Pat went away this morning and did not get back till night. I went down to James [*sic*] and got some yarn for Genie. She is here yet. I have been plaguing her all day. It has snowed enough for sleighing. I am boiling molasses down so it will lay on snow. Pat has written to Euthalia. [several pages missing here] April 24—Went down and got my hair cut this morning. While there, Ned came after me. He wanted Mother to go up and take care of Theresa. She has got the Diphtheria. Milton put in his great boat today. I called into James a little while. Come home, and in a little while Liz and Genie called in. I went down and got a half pint of brandy, some to give to a lamb and some for Mother. Almeron stays with me tonight. Took Genies [*sic*] stocking to knit in the initials of her name. April 25—Have been plowing today. Julia Stearns called in here this morning, and staid till afternoon. Knit the initials of Genies [*sic*] name in her stocking. Gardner is going to stay with me tonight. It rains some tonight. I got Pat up in his sleep, and sent him to feed the hogs. He went into the washroom land then he started to go down cellar, and hit his head against the clothes horse, and it awoke him. April 26—Gardner staid with me last night. Milton swaped [*sic*] horses yesterday. Ned come down after some liquor this morning. He said Theresa's had begun to swell pretty bad. He said Liz Smith had gone after Dr. [David] Davis. Mrs. James Roberts went up with Ned. Went down to the office and met Mr. Smith. He said Davis could not come and according to his and Edwins [*sic*] talk I thought she ought to have something done for her, so I took James [*sic*] horse and went down and got Dr. Thomas Roberts to go up. He did not like it very well because they sent for Davis first. When he came back he said she was not very sick. I offered to pay him but he could not make change. Received a letter from Corydon, ailas (?), a book of puzzles. April 27—Went down and got Eugenia to come up and wash and

bake. Joshua Roberts staid with Pat last night. Carried Eugenia home tonight. Had a good talk with her. Took Sarah J. Roberts [*sic*] stocking to knit the initials of her name in. Carried my bible down to have Sarah put it under Genies [*sic*] pillow to dream over. She said she would tell me what she dreamed. April 28—Plowed this forenoon. Eugenia and Phylantha called and hung out the clothes this morning. Joshua [Howard] went down and carried them up there visiting. I carried some eggs up to Newry and sold for Mrs. Roberts. Went up to see Theresa. She is getting better. It has been quite warm today. Aunt Ellen [Eleanor Eames, daughter of John E. and Hanna (McGill)] Bean is quite sick. April 29—Lucien L. Foster is very sick. Gale Howe went up after Dr. [John] Grover. I went up with him. Bought an album, as a present for Genie. We took a walk this evening and I gave it to her. She and I ate a Philopena and I owed her a present so gave her that. Bought a box of herring and a pair of gloves. April 30—Mother came home this morning. Lizzie went up and is going to stay till tomorrow. Called to look at Olives [*sic*] [Olive Willis] bookkeeping books. Called to see how Lucien was tonight. He is a little better. Joshua has his last singing school over to Rumford Corner tonight. Eugenia and Phylantha went with him. May 1—Carried Mother up to Newry and brought Liz down and carried her down to Aunt Eleanor Beans [*sic*] funeral. Ben Lufkin preached the funeral sermon. Text: Psalms 90 Chapter 12 Verse. Called to see Lucien. He is very sick. I do not think he will get well. Called to see Deacon and stopped a little while. May 2—Went to mill for Mrs. Williams. Called to see Lucien. He is no better and must die. He can live but a short time. Went to the Point to see if my gig was done. Commenced to plant potatoes today. James jamed (jammed) his toes pretty bad last Friday. Paid Dr. Roberts one dollar for going up to Newry to see Theresa. May 3—I set up with Lucien last night. He died about two o'clock this morning. He died quite easy. We did not get him laid out till about four. None of the family were up. Mr. Staples and wife [Joseph and Betsey Howe], Mr. Hoyt and wife [Gardner and Laura Lovejoy], Aunt Phebe Elliott, and Lawson Smith was here. It has been rainy all day. Have been cutting potatoes to plant. Joshua Roberts staid with Pat last night. The funeral is next Thursday at 12 o'clock. May 4—Went down to the Post Office. Received a letter from Euthalia. They want me to be one of the bearers tomorrow. Planted a few potatoes today. Mother came home this morning. Theresa is getting along well. Eugenia has been up there today. I went down to James tonight and got some whiskey to put with some thoroughwort. May 5—Lucien was buried today. Rev. Mr. Thompson preached the funeral sermon. Text: Acts 17 Chapter 28 Verse. He preached a very good sermon. Almeron Roberts, Limon (Lyman) Knapp, John Holt and I were bearers. Mother and I took tea at Mr. James G. Roberts. May 6—Theresa come [*sic*] down today. She is going to stay a week or two. Went down to the Deacons [*sic*] with Edwin. I was exposed to the measles a week ago last Thursday. Elizabeth and Sarah Roberts called in here this evening. Finished planting the potatoes before the house.

(to be continued in the next issue)



Member Profile Warren D. Stearns

Warren D. Stearns was born in Rumford, 26 July 1932, the son of Leroy A. and Mary Helen Damon Stearns. He was educated in the Rumford schools, graduating from Stephens High School in 1950. In 1954, he received his diploma from Burdett College in Boston, where he majored in accounting. He served in the U.S. Army from 1954 to 1956 at the headquarters of the first guided missile brigade based at Fort Bliss, TX. On 14 June 1958, he married the former Marcia Bartlett at the Rumford Point Congregational Church. They are the parents of three children and grandparents of six.

For many years, Warren and Marcia lived in the former Arthur G. Howe residence in Hanover, which they purchased in 1959. They later built a smaller home in Hanover and divide their time between Maine and Florida. Warren was employed as an accounting supervisor at the Boise Cascade Mill in Rumford from which he retired in 1991 after more than forty years. Long interested in his church and in town affairs, he is a sixty year member of the Rumford Point Congregational Church and for thirty eight years was a Selectman for the town of Hanover, the longest tenure in the town's history. He is a member of the Bethel Masonic Lodge and the Mayflower Society. Affiliated with the Society for the past twenty four years, he has long assisted visitors to the Research Library and contributed data on the Bethel area families included in the *Maine Families in 1790* series published by the Maine Genealogical Society. He also transcribed and annotated the Powers diary entries currently being published in *The Courier*.

Editor's Corner

The feature article in this issue dealing with the life of my grandfather is based on an essay I did at Gould Academy in 1962. As a project, it was one of the most beneficial activities of my high school years since it gave me a significant inducement to talk with my grandfather about his life and ask him questions. I wish I knew what I do today after more than thirty years of studying this community's history as I would truly love to learn about his reaction to various issues and historical questions that he must have been knowledgeable of and would definitely have had an opinion. He was always direct and honest, as I vividly recall his contempt the time I mentioned a certain woman, whom he had known for years. He had no use for her as "she sold wormy apples and eleven eggs for a dozen." That kind of blatant dishonesty was the "kiss of death" with Gramp as he always stood firmly on the side of rock solid principle when it came to ethics. It was fortunate that Gramp lived a number of years after I completed my biographical exercise. This fact allowed me to add more details to this sketch and provide additional insights than were possible for an eighteen year old. As I mentioned in my editorial comment at the beginning of the article, I hope by "going first" others will follow my example and revise, update, and enhance their life study of their relative for possible inclusion in future issues of *The Courier*.

SRH

Book Note

When Women and Mountains Meet: Adventures in the White Mountains. By Julie Boardman. Etna, NH: Durand Press, 2001. Pp. 162. Paper. \$15.95)

In this intriguing book, Julie Boardman has provided revealing insights into the numerous women who have been associated with the White Mountains. In eleven chapters, she brings to life a plethora of details concerning some remarkable women ranging from locally famous Molly Ockett to the internationally prominent Miriam Underhill, a rock climber, who became the world's foremost woman mountaineer. Also here we learn of the Austin sisters, the first women to climb Mt. Washington; Susie M. Barstow, the first female peak-bagger; and Laura Waterman, Natalie Davis, and Debbie O'Neil, the first women to complete a winter traverse of the Presidential Range. In addition, this book contains a detailed chronology, a useful bibliography, and a comprehensive index. For those wishing to learn more about women in White Mountain history, this is an excellent beginning.

SRH

For ordering information, please see page 12

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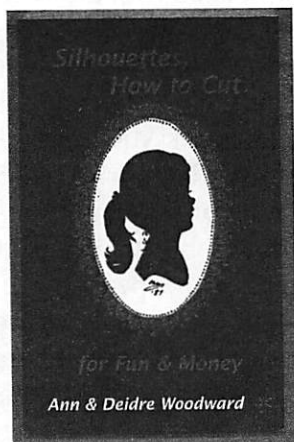
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